The Sun.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1908.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 50
DAILY, Per Year	6 00
SUNDAY, Per Year	2 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	70

Postage to foreign countries added.

Published by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 170 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. President and Treasurer of the Association, William M. Laffan, 170 Nassau street; Secretary of the Association, Franklin Bartlett, 5 Nassau street.

The daily and Sunday SUN is on sale in London at Murray's Exchange, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland avenue; Pall Mall American and Colonial Exchange, Carlton street, Regent street, and Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green street, Leicester Square.

Paris office, 32 Rue Louis le Grand. The daily and Sunday editions are on sale at Kiosque 12, near the Grand Hotel; Kiosque 77, Boulevard des Capucines, corner Place de l'Opéra, and Kiosque 19, Boulevard des Italiens, corner Rue Louis le Grand.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

No Backward Step!

From President Roosevelt's annual message of 1903.

Whenever either corporation, *labor union* or individual disregards the law or acts in a spirit of arbitrary and tyrannous interference with the rights of others, whether corporations or individuals, then where the Federal Government has jurisdiction it will see to it that the misconduct is stopped, paying not the slightest heed to the position or power of the corporation, *the union* or the individual, but only to one vital fact—that is, the question whether or not the conduct of the individual or aggregate of individuals is in accordance with the law of the land.

Every man must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labor, so long as he does not infringe the rights of others. No man is above the law and no man is below it; nor do we ask any man's permission when we require him to obey it. Obedience to the law is demanded as a right, not asked as a favor.

We have cause as a nation to be thankful for the steps that have been so successfully taken to put these principles into effect. The progress has been by evolution, not by revolution. Nothing radical has been done; the action has been both moderate and resolute. Therefore the work will stand. *There shall be no backward step.*

The Letter to Dear Foulke.

Mr. WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE, who is a singularly chaste statesman in Indiana and of picturesque memory, is in perfect telepathic sympathy and synchrony with Mr. ROOSEVELT. There appears this morning a letter from Mr. FOULKE to Mr. ROOSEVELT which is so perfectly in tone that it was obviously composed by Mr. ROOSEVELT in his capacity as Mr. FOULKE'S "control." Then follows a letter which is even more admirable from Mr. ROOSEVELT addressed to Mr. FOULKE, a letter which is simply astounding in its sobriety of terms and its intensity of restraint. We run no risk of exaggeration when we assert that it is as devoid of violence as the Westminster Confession.

The occasion of this startling exhibit of sterilized rhetoric was afforded by the extreme indiscretion of the *Evening Post*, the *Boston Herald* and some other newspapers, which have from time to time imputed to Mr. ROOSEVELT the practice of parcelling out the Federal offices in the interests of Mr. TAFT. A more imbecile accusation could not well be imagined, and had we been aware that it had been made we should ourselves have dealt with such severity as we can command.

In the first place Mr. ROOSEVELT has made very few appointments since the last session of Congress. He has had the statistics made up and he is doubtless surprised to find that they number less than two thousand. This it must be noted includes his many selections of Southern Democrats to fill Federal posts in the South. Not one of these appointments was made in TAFT'S interest and the President says so with a temperate stress that brooks no question. We never had a question of it. Even suspicion could have been engendered only in a very inferior mind like that of the editor of the *Evening Post* or in such decrepit intellectuals as those of the editor of the *Boston Herald*. We never had any misunderstanding of the President's appointments for a moment; never dreamed of ascribing one of them at any time to solicitude for the Secretary of War. In fact we firmly believe and unblushingly assert that since he has been in office Mr. ROOSEVELT has never made an appointment in the interests of anybody but himself. Moreover we will add that never since the appointive power was first exercised by the Federal executive have the offices, great and small, been filled with such exquisite discernment of their adaptability to the intelligent uses of the appointor. Nowhere, so far as our highly specialized and meticulous powers of perception have enabled us to observe, has there been a single failure a single disappointment. It is in conditions so easily ascertained as these, conditions so obvious indeed to any fair minded man that the editor of the *Evening Post* has the effrontery to charge Mr. ROOSEVELT with filling the offices with Taft henchmen. No wonder he furnishes a frank and instant refutation. Indeed our own indignation is aroused almost to the point of invading the sacred precincts of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S glossary of imprecation.

Nothing could be more impressive than the conclusion of the President's letter to the ascetic Mr. FOULKE when he winds up with the substance of his celebrated inhibition to officeholders to excite themselves or otherwise exhibit any concern over his third term. It was a letter addressed to his Cabinet officers and so far as known no officeholder ever received a copy of it. We have always regretted the fact; it would have afforded them such genuine pleasure. Besides, a more stupendous and mind shattering wink is not recorded in all history.

Is Tuberculosis Disappearing?

The very important report just issued by the medical department of the English Local Government Board on certain aspects of the tuberculosis question is the outcome of investigations prosecuted during the last five years under the supervision of Dr. T. BULSTRODE, one of Great Britain's medical inspectors. The statistics collected show an extraordinary decrease in the number of deaths in England and Wales from tuberculosis or consumption and render it possible that three decades hence the disease will be as extinct there as leprosy or typhus fever now is. The facts should prove extremely reassuring to those persons who have been inclined to regard tuberculosis as a sort of plague likely to cause a considerable diminution of any population in which it has once gained a foothold.

There is no doubt that in the first half of the last century the mortality from consumption in England and Wales had acquired alarming proportions. In 1838 this malady destroyed 59,025 lives, a number equivalent to 39.9 for each 10,000 persons living. In 1906, on the other hand, although the population had greatly increased tuberculosis destroyed only 39,746 lives, a mortality equal to only 11.5 for each 10,000 persons then in existence. As the mortality resulting from consumption in 1906 was about equal to the decrease observed in the preceding thirty years it follows that the disease will disappear totally thirty years hence, provided the decrease in the number of deaths shall continue at the same rate. Such continuance, of course, cannot be assumed. Between 1905 and 1906 there was no change in the mortality resulting from tuberculosis.

What is the cause of the diminished ravages of consumption? It cannot be ascribed entirely, or even mainly, to the discovery of the tubercle bacillus and the subsequent legislation intended to prevent the sale of meat and milk derived from tuberculous cattle. Dr. KOCH'S discovery was not made until 1882 and had no effect upon legislation until some years afterward. Yet in 1885 the mortality from consumption had shrunk to about one-half of what it had been in 1838, namely, from 39.9 for each 10,000 persons living to 18. Neither can the lessened deadliness of the disease be attributed to the establishment of sanatoria, for few if any of these were operative in 1885, and even as regards those which have since been opened Dr. BULSTRODE has been unable to find that they have produced any perceptible effect upon the rate of decline of consumption mortality either in England and Wales generally or in counties possessing such institutions as compared with those which are destitute of them. The records of the English sanatoria show, he says, that in the case of a very large proportion of the patients they have done little more than postpone the fatal issue of the malady.

That seems to have happened in the case of tuberculosis which is known to have occurred in the case of other germ diseases, to wit, a gradual weakening of the virulent power of the hostile bacillus, coupled with a simultaneous increase in the power of resistance evinced by the phagocytes, or friendly microbes which constitute the garrison of the human body. It has been proved by post mortem examinations conducted in many parts of the civilized world that consumption is now far less fatal than it used to be and that great numbers of persons dying from other maladies present unmistakable traces of having been infected by tuberculosis at some earlier period and of having overcome the tendency of the infected portion of lung to soften and disintegrate. The inference is that the bacillus of consumption, whether it reach the lungs through the respiratory passages or find its way thither from the tuberculous meat or milk, may either lapse into a passive state for a long time or permanently or be roused into activity by external circumstances adverse to health.

It is manifest from the report made to the Local Government Board that Dr. BULSTRODE does not consider that the opinion expressed some years ago by Professor KOCH as to the harmlessness of the bovine bacilli to mankind has stood the test of further inquiry, for he insists that in England and Wales the milk and meat supplies are in urgent need of more careful supervision than hitherto has been given them.

The Delinquency of Culberson.

Mr. F. C. BREWSTER, who is a nephew of the late BENJAMIN HARRIS BREWSTER, one time Attorney-General of the United States, has just thrown into the Hon. CHARLES A. CULBERSON, United States Senator from Texas, a javelin which will rankle none the less because it was unexpected. Mr. BREWSTER says:

"Let us drop all Democrats like BRYAN, CULBERSON, &c."

Like BRYAN and CULBERSON, forsooth! We can believe that the Texas statesman will wince and groan, but after all he has only himself to thank for that shrewd wound.

Some months ago Senator CULBERSON had an opportunity which few men of his equipment, with courage at the back of it, would have ignored. He saw the Democratic party drifting helplessly upon a stormy sea. He knew that it needed a pilot of experience and force and general recognition. He knew that he had but to offer himself as the man at the wheel, and that he would be at once commissioned to steer the forlorn and battered hulk into safe anchorage. The emergency called for nothing more than boldness and initiative. The Democracy, especially at the South, had grown weary of BRYAN and his impudent and futile leadership. Any Southerner of known character and approved public service could have dismissed the Nebraska mountebank by the simple expedient of confessing his own willingness to lead the movement of deliverance. In Texas, Tennessee, Alabama, to say nothing of other States, the field lay lush, expectant. There was none to speak the word or touch the waiting spark. Almost any one could have served, CHARLES A. CULBERSON perhaps most potently of all.

Everybody who has followed CULBERSON'S course and kept informed as to the real meaning of his public utterances is perfectly aware that he is the antagonist of every characteristic Bryan theory. But who are these, considered in respect of numbers and of noise, compared with the wild, unthinking uproar of the multitude? It is true that Mr. CULBERSON has sufficiently disclosed his opposition to the Bryan issues. The thoughtful few regard him, upon the very best authority, as hostile to every overture of Socialism, anarchy and social chaos and disruption. The fact remains, however, that he does not speak. There is a demoralized and scattered army which he will not rally, a cause he honors in his heart, but will not champion, a drooping banner which he dares not seize and shake. He is conducting the minority fight in the Senate with considerable address and skill, but who understands it and what national purpose does it serve? Invited by circumstance and opportunity to organize an army, he prefers the petty triumphs of the star chamber, the applause of the committees and the cloakrooms. Offered the post of captainship in glorious battle, he chooses the victories that can be appraised only through a microscope.

The world isn't watching him as closely as all this. The country does not hear of his achievements. The main thing it knows about him is that he has defaulted in the matter of valor and self-assertion.

Senator CULBERSON is not the only man who might have assured our escape from the miserable alternative of BRYAN or ROOSEVELT. There are others. But he was one of the most obvious of Democratic refuges, and his responsibility will be meted out accordingly.

Will the Canadian Senate Be Reconstructed?

A most important change is now advocated by Sir WILFRID LAURIER in the British North America act of 1867, which forms the Constitution of the Dominion of Canada. He would transform the Senate or upper house of the Ottawa Parliament, from a body every member of which holds his office for life by arbitrary appointment, into a chamber wherein all the provinces shall be equally represented without reference to population.

Since the Australians refused to copy the Dominion model in their own Federal organic law, as regards the method of creating the upper house of their Federal Legislature, the attention of Canadians, and especially of Canadian Liberals, has been directed to the one glaring defect in their own Constitution. It is well known that the late Sir JOHN MACDONALD, who played the most influential part in framing the British North America act of 1867, desired to reproduce on this side of the Atlantic as nearly as possible the political structure of the British monarchy. For that reason he insisted upon calling the new Confederation not the United States of Canada or the Canadian Commonwealth but the Canadian Dominion. For that reason he called the popular branch of the Federal Parliament not the House of Representatives but the House of Commons. With the like end in view he would have liked to call the upper chamber the House of Lords and did reproduce the upper house of the British Parliament, except that the members cannot transmit their seats to their descendants, but retain them for life. In other words, they are life peers. Just as in Great Britain a peer is created by the sovereign at the suggestion of the Prime Minister, so a Canadian Senator is appointed by the Crown on the nomination of the Governor in Council, which practically means the Prime Minister.

The real purpose of this organization of the Dominion Senate was to fortify Sir JOHN MACDONALD by placing the seats in that body at his disposal, but the ostensible aim was to secure the protection of minorities. This has been most imperfectly attained, for the Senate has but little self-confidence and carries little moral weight as a body, though of course any individual member possesses the influence due to his personal ability, character and public services.

Sir WILFRID LAURIER proposes to abolish the arbitrary appointive feature of the Dominion's Senate structure as anomalous, incongruous and out of place in a democratic Federal Commonwealth. He would follow the example of the United States and give each of the nine provinces, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, equal representation in the upper chamber. He himself suggests that each of the nine should have six Senators, which would give an aggregate of 54, instead of the present total, 87. The change is likely to encounter considerable resistance in Ontario, which has nearly 2,200,000 inhabitants, and in Quebec, which has about 1,650,000, for these dominant members of the Confederation may not like to see themselves outvoted in the Senate by a combination of Prince Edward Island, which has fewer than 104,000 inhabitants; Saskatchewan, which has less than 91,500, and Alberta, which has less than 73,000. Why, it may be asked in Montreal and Toronto, should the last three provinces named have a larger representation in the Senate than they have in the House of Commons? Sir WILFRID LAURIER, on his part, declines to regard this objection as insuperable, pointing out that in the United States Congress no fewer than six States, namely, Delaware, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah and Wyoming, have each but a single Representative though each has two Senators.

The Bard of Berks.

An accomplished student of comparative American poetry invites us to one of the most distinguished of Keystone manufactures:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In view of the large number of readers of THE SUN in Reading and Berks county I feel that we have been neglected by your paper in that it has failed to recognize a poetic genius who, we claim, is fully the peer of J. BYRON ELMORE, if not his superior, I refer to ISAAC M. MOYER. The third stanza of his 'Life of Washington' for literary delicacy and depth of feeling surpasses, in my opinion, anything that ELMORE, the lamented CUTTER or Bath House JOHN ever wrote. BERKS COUNTY.

"READING, Pa., February 8."

The fame of the poems of ISAAC MILTON MOYER is by no means confined to Berks county or Pennsylvania. It has spread, like WICKLIFFE'S dust, wide as the waters be. It is known wherever the treasures of English literature are valued. Mr. MOYER, a graduate of the Kutztown Normal School, has been a school teacher for twenty-four years. He lives, says his most recent biography, "on the most beautiful fruit farm in Exeter county." The flowers and fruit are seen together, as when a wizard to a Northern King at Christmastide such wondrous things did show. Mr. MOYER, we may add, is an excellent teacher, and like those lost and memorable singers BLOODGOOD H. CUTTER and J. GORDON COOGLER, "he writes verses on 'most any subject given him, and does it with delight." He has an especial cult for WASHINGTON, in his "Eulogy" of whom occurs a stanza that has long been a favorite of ours:

"This boy they named GEORGE WASHINGTON.
And I will tell you some things he has done:
He whipped the Hessians, he whipped the Dutch,
And captured BURGOYNE and CORNWALLIS and such."

That fourth line is immeasurably superior to the once admired "A Mr. WILKINSON, a clergyman"; but for a sweet, simple music as of the oaten pipe serving as a fife what can exceed:

"Then to an end the war did come,
And we received our great freedom."

Naturally, Mr. WASHINGTON was nominated for President:

"So they put his name upon the ticket
Because he was a man that was not wicked."

Mr. MOYER forgets that his hero was a malefactor of great wealth for whom in these days the jail would be the appropriate residence. Other times, other manners. In "A Commemoration of Washington" we look back to old unhappy far off things:

"This land of ours, where the brave and free
Made a treaty under the old elm tree,
Was once so dangerous, dark and wild,
That it was unsafe for a woman to go out with her child."

In "A Sketch of the Life of Washington" occurs the stanza so much admired, and with good reason, by the Reading connoisseur:

"He was in the War of the Revolution,
Where everything was in confusion:
Where he was for eight long years,
And at Valley Forge he froze his ears."

Personally we prefer the ballad swing and broadside manner of

"The first name of this boy was GEORGE,
The second was WASHINGTON,
And if you think of Valley Forge
You will know what he has done."

Not of the howling dervishes of song; but safe, sound and kind, ISAAC MILTON MOYER is an honor to Berks county, an example of industry, an edification to others and a happiness to himself.

Prohibition in New York.

In the eleven years and five months between May 1, 1896, and October 1, 1907, New York collected under the liquor tax law $177,711,153.50. Of this sum rather more than one-half went into the treasury of the State, the remainder being distributed among the communities in which it was collected.

The receipts from the tax on the manufacture and sale of liquor in 1896-97 were $11,245,374.06. In 1906-07 they were $18,738,240.93. The expense of collecting this revenue has been under nine-tenths of one per cent.

The Court of Appeals has decided that the fees charged for licenses for the manufacture and sale of liquor are "not in any proper sense a tax." Yet if the State were deprived of the sums collected under this law the deficiency would have to be made good in large measure by other exactions. Whether these would take the form of new indirect taxes or a direct State tax would be for the Legislature to decide.

Can the Prohibitionists, who have won such astonishing victories in other States, overcome the attractions of this easy method of raising money by appeals to the moral sense of the voters of New York? The question is important for the reason that in New York the financial argument, because of the magnitude of the sums involved, is likely to be more potent than it has been in the States in which the recent anti-saloon successes have been achieved.

BRYAN and LAWSON confer.—*Headline in the Tribune of yesterday.*

Is another awful blow at "The System" under consideration?

The national committees of the two major political parties are only the janitors of the conventions, in spite of their efforts to convince the public that they are the whole show.

There is another class who want fame at all cost—vain peacocks!—*The Thane of Glick.*

Whereas humble ANDREW does good by stealth and blushes to find it fame.

We venerate the gentle sport of college hockey, but isn't it still too mild for the polished young representatives of the higher culture? There are many spirited moments in it, and these are rewarded with deserved applause, but wouldn't the game wear an even more engaging aspect if "the rubber" were done away with, the stick supplanted by a stout war club and the skates worn as weapons on the hands?

Advice to a Dictator.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If "Massachusetts" will get a stenographer who belongs to some of the various women's clubs and who has dared say that men are "some good" he will not be troubled by having her called on the telephone.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., February 8. QUIDNUNC.

Then and Now.

It makes me laugh to hear the people say
Times ain't like what they used to be at all;
That they can easily enough recall
When folks could earn a higher rate of pay,
And thus lay up more for a rainy day.
The weather then comes in and gets a whack;
"The winters that we're having now, by jo!
Ain't nothing like we had some years ago,
In '63," or maybe further back.

And there is nothing just the same, croak they,
As once it was in that old bygone day.
But when I ask them if they'd like to see
The old days here and now, they look at me
And shrug, and haven't got a word to say.

JOE COBB.

EIGHT PAINTERS.

Second Article.

At the exhibition of the Eight Painters at the Macbeth Galleries Henri's lifelike "Laughing Child" faces you as you enter. It is superb paint, as is the "Dutch Soldier." Power is there, masculine and not the mere brush work of an artistic artisan. Such relief, such crisp touches, such planes. We wish for more of Henri's landscapes and seascapes. His touch is so bold and original when he builds up those rugged coasts and rhythmic waves. When it comes to the rendering of certain flesh tones and textures he is past master. A painter of robust talent, not a poet nor yet a profound psychologist, Luks has shown to greater advantage, but he can't forever rest on his oars because he has the "Spielers" and "Pawnbroker's Daughter" to his credit. There is fine quality in his "Pet Goose," with its misty white haired woman, its white goose, the brown withered hand holding it, and the bowl on the floor. Values are exquisitely weighed. And the humanity of the picture, without the note of sentimental anecdotage once intruding! There is sly malice in the "Macaws," which regard with feathered disdain the foolish looking human who peers in at them through the wires. Luks is a man capable of painting the point of view of a cageful of monkeys; men and women without. Not, however, as beautiful in tone are these birds if compared to his "Boy With the Parrot." "The Duchess" was described in THE SUN last winter. She is a majestic old party who once pursued the trade of usury on Sixth avenue by night. She is Hogarthian. Her victims were unfortunates. Her nose is tinted by the rum of time. Note her abundant swathings. She wore half a dozen dresses at once. The faded green is finely suggested. After the "Pigs" Luks might almost sign his name George Morland Luks. They are genuine porkers, pink, dirty and black. The red headed boy feeding them would have pleased Walt Whitman, who in "Leaves of Grass" has described such a limber hipped youth.

And what will you say to the Glackens "Shoppers"? Here is mastery, if you please, of material, and the easy vanquishing of half a dozen technical problems. That the subject was worth the while is a question that must be left to the artist. He elected it. Women in a shop, a salesgirl, furs, hats, faces, fabrics, movement, light, air and many nuances of shop manners. Verisimilitude, lovely passages of paint, the whole seized with a virile grip that does not relax in any part of the canvas. Interest is maintained from top to bottom, side to side. The surfaces are superb, modelling of heads and hands synthetic. Glackens has never revealed such science, such freedom of style, and, as far as it goes, such penetrating observation. It is a remarkable presentation of an obviously commonplace happening. The central woman wears a meditative aspect. She is considering that gravest of problems—just what to buy. The two women back of her are admirably done. The picture is contemporary with a vengeance. It breathes of to-day, of to-morrow, and of Macy's every morning.

The Mouquin Café picture, near by, is not new. It is an "honorable mention." A portrait evidently of the Hon. James M., with a lady in a blue dress. It is the moment of liqueurs and soft asides. A young art critic with a Mephistophelian smile looms in the background. Does he know the lady in blue? Does he envy the Hon. James? Glackens has asked these questions, not forgetting to paint the singular veracity, the still life on the table, that still life which often makes life at Mouquin's cabaret far from still. Renoir is slightly evoked. Not a too spiritual picture.

Some of the other contributions of Glackens are familiar; his New England landscape is full of character. John Sloan, too, has shown several of his pictures elsewhere. But the "Cot" is new and one of the best things we have had from him. It is a woman in nightdress, stooping over her naked foot, which rests on a tumble down bed. A dextrous study in tonal values, in various whites. The pose is capitally caught. "Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street" might be rechristened "The Lady With the Growler." Full of humor as it is, it is also a saddening picture in its portrayal of misery. Sloan is more acid, more pessimistic than either Luks or Glackens in his embodiment of low life. "The Duchess" of Luks is sinister enough, but she has a vinous twinkle in her bleary eyes, though she does not sport vine leaves in her hair. Sloan, humorist too, can see to the core of ugliness. His street scenes are full of rude animation. He is in a way a philosopher, as must be admitted after studying his etchings. In the matter of pigment he grows every year.

A virtuoso whose figures possess tactile values of vivacity and substance, Everett Shinn has never before displayed such glitter and bravura, although not all his eight examples are novel. He owes much to Degas, something to Toulouse-Lautrec, but his own personality is not negligible. Two or three of those ballet girls of his and his female acrobats would please Degas, so tense with vitality are they, so truthfully are their supple attitudes and muscled legs delineated. The rehearsal of the ballet is extremely well done, and the women in midair on a trapeze is paint prestidigitation. To be sure, the feeling is purely one of superficies cleverly set forth, yet tribute is due the marked talent of this young man. He has an eye for the broad humors of the music halls. His lady sitting in a box is an excellent study in modelling.

With Arthur B. Davies we tread other landscapes. This seer of visions, this poet who would penetrate the earthly envelope and surprise the secret fevers of the soul, disengage the solemn emotions of subliminal personality, evoke magical scenes in a noman's-land with Botticellian figures, primitive seas and hills, a sort of preraphaelitic mood disquietingly interfused by a delicate modern feeling; a neurotic strain of ascetic music, with the hills of a celestial Florence for a frame and the antique nymphs of the brake moving or reclining melodiously—into what category may we compress Davies? He is obstinately mediæval, until he carelessly brushes in the grandeur of a California forest. His women, nympholepts, affect the imagination as do the bacchantes of Maurice de Guérin. And yet he catches with exquisite tact the virginal lines of a young girl who surely lives not far from Central Park. He has the apocalyptic strain in him and many of his canvases are darkened by symbols. But beauty is always present, else its fragrance hinted at. Those fragile, mysterious women, haunted by visions of the great god Dionysos, or perhaps Pan, where do they come from, where are they going? One can ask of Davies as did the Centaur of another: "The jealous gods have buried somewhere proofs of the origins of all things, but upon the shores of what ocean have they rolled the stone that hides them, O Macareus?" Upon the crust of what planet have you seen your picture visions, O Arthur Davies? In rhythm, color, spacing, he is the composer of music.

Herr Heinrich James remarks that "there are two kinds of taste in the appreciation of imaginative literature—the taste for emotions of surprise and the taste for emotions of recognition." It is the same with pictorial art. In the case of the other men—save Ernest Lawson, who has much imagination—our emotions of recognition are gratified. But with Davies it is always the emotion of surprise. He is an eclectic. His imagination plays him pranks; it leads him into dangerous spots, because it is always dangerous to paint an idea, be it never so poetic. His failures need not concern us now; his successes are often amazing. We do not think that he is seen at his best among the eight painters, though he is a living protest against the assertion that this exhibition is barren of idealists. We mean that he has painted, especially his later canvases, better things, with the exception of "Maenads" and "Girdle of Ares"—the latter a symbolical picture of unearthly hues in which the struggle for life is shown: you are in a valley; men wrestle naked with men. It might be Armageddon, or it might be the place where those two hills on the right, crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight amid which Childe Roland saw the "Dark Tower." Let us hope that Davies will appear in a special show this spring.

Withal, an unequal exhibition. Materialism rules, the aspect and not the soul of things; after all, painters are chiefly concerned with surfaces, not symbols. Too many pictures by half, and not in every instance the top notch of the artists therein. They have all of them the one defect. But as the gentle genius Turgenieff wrote: "At a certain age, to be natural is to be extraordinary." These young men have had the courage to be natural with more or less success. For that reason you will like or dislike them—all criticism, no matter what the doctors tell you, is a question of personal temperament.

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

Grievances of "Our Contemporary Ancestors" Against Society.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In considering the crimes and shortcomings of the mountaineers, not only in Kentucky but in Tennessee, the Virginias, the Carolinas, Alabama and Mississippi, it is necessary to take into account their origin and the circumstances of their lives during the last two or three hundred years.

By the simple process of consulting history we can see that their ancestors came to this country in the first place as social outcasts and, technically speaking, criminals. This is not to say that the colonies sent out from England by the London Company or brought here afterward by Oglethorpe were for the most part offenders as we understand the term to-day. It is to say, in fact, that they were "political prisoners" to a very great extent, and that they brought with them the same hatred of "government," the same passionate longing for freedom which had been so rudely checked at home.

Thus they moved away from the centres of civilization of their time, gradually retreating until they found in the barren hills the liberty they had vainly sought in the old country. Their standards and observances have not materially changed. They brought with them the same methods that they had been accustomed to; and if they cultivate those methods now, who is there to blame them? Indeed, if we may consider all the facts in the case, society has much less grievance against the mountaineers than the latter have against society. Not until the last few years has "organized charity" taken any notice of these forlorn and segregated people. They have been pursued and persecuted by revenue agents and marshals and deputy marshals—from their point of view, at least—and no one has ever told them why. All they have known is that the manufacture of moonshine whiskey is punishable, and without hearing the other side they have been left to contemplate a rank injustice. Little by little they have been driven to an attitude of self-protection. Their hand is against the outside world because the outside world's hand is against them. Nothing has been explained. Wild, fierce men, hemmed in on every side by the Government's myrmidons, they have come to regard the Government with a growing hate. Curtis Jett is a product and a perfectly egitimate one, of this sinister adjustment. He is ignorant. Hargis encouraged his sense of animosity and played upon it with a novel kindness. Naturally, Curtis Jett has looked to Hargis for protection.

What is true of Hargis is equally true of the mountaineers in general. These are men without real friends. Their impulses are good. Their hospitality is generous. But they know nothing of the outside world, and the Hargises do not intend they shall. They are, in fact, anachronisms. They belong to the Scotland of three hundred years ago, with their feuds and their entanglements, and those who profit by them are as dumb as oysters. TENNESSEE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 8.

Steamship Subsidies.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Referring to your editorial in this morning's SUN entitled "The Shipping Bill Moves Up," I desire to add my word in confirmation of the advantages which would accrue to our trade with the countries south of us if we could have regular and adequate steamship communication with them.

For over twenty years I have watched the fluctuating possibilities of a subsidy being paid to enable American steamship lines to take care of American trade, and I am firmly of the conviction that at some time it will be accomplished. If a subsidy of four or five million dollars were paid it would be returned to us a hundred fold. H. P. WILCOX.

NEW YORK, February 8.

New Department Wanted.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Permit me to suggest the immediate formation of a Department of Seismometry for the study of vocal eruptions. VESUVIAN.

NEW YORK, February 9.

Of Names and Signs.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Gee! but I'm glad I stirred up the Call & Tuttle jest. Whether it was A. Ward or Dr. Chapin or P. T. Barnum of blessed memory or Johnny Pell or Lon Morris who first called to tuttle is of little moment. It proves the case for me in any event. I said folks might be robbing banks when they might better be occupied in observing the significance of signs. Which recalls the one in Buffalo, B. I. Wright.

As a matter of fact, Messrs. Call & Tuttle were succeeded in business by Messrs. Messenger Bros. A citizen no less distinguished than the late Colonel William A. Hovey of Boston, once walking with me through Summer street, saw the sign. It read then:

MESSENGER BROS.,
Successors to
Call & Tuttle.

"Ah!" exclaimed Colonel Bill, "Many messengers are called, but few tuttle!"

Realizing the innate truthfulness of the remark, I took him over to the Parker House—it was before 11 o'clock—and bought for him a Lone Tree cocktail. His remark was worth far more than such investment.

Here in Wilmington is the diverting sign of Messrs. Saltzgiver & Bupp. Mr. Lew Dockstader, seeing this, remarked that he'd give her salts if she wanted such condiment, but he'd be damned if he'd bupp.

All of which seems to cover the situation up to the present moment. But stay: Down in Fourth street is the sign:

A. GAWTHROP,
Manufacturer of
Hydraulic Rams.

Perceiving said sign an acquaintance immediately chortled:

"Gawthrop made a little ram,
(Hydraulic ram, you know),
And every time he made a ram
The ram was sure to go."

Which simply shows the benefits of perseverance in these days. H. P.

WILMINGTON, Del., February 8.

Sure Cure.

Knicker—Mr. Hill says we must stop ghost dancing.

Bocker—Yes, that's the only way to make it walk.

THE HEAVY HAND ON THE THROTTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. Webster was addressing the Senate regarding President Jackson's attacks upon the Bank of the United States:

I fear there is a love of conquest, a thirst for victorious struggles, a delight in triumphing which has brought on the conflict between the Administration and the bank, while the interests of the people are crushed between active and defensive operations.

An address of far different purport lately read to Congress invests these remarks of the great statesman with unusual interest. Let those who have read the President's message of last Friday turn now and read the speeches of Webster made in the Senate in 1833 and 1834. Let them read especially the speech of March 18, 1834, when, after drawing a powerful contrast between the country's prosperity before the Administration's financial experiments and its prostrate condition afterward, the orator asks how the public agony is answered. Then he exclaims:

I am grieved to say, I am ashamed to say, it is answered by declamation against the bank as a monster, by loud cries against a moneyed aristocracy, by pretended zeal for a hard moneyed system and by professions of favor and regard to the poor. * * * It is difficult, sir, to restrain one's indignation when to so much keen distress there is added so much which has the appearance of mere mockery.

The President disclaims all responsibility for the panic. But, as pointed out above, he might have learned from Webster the consequences of precipitate governmental assaults upon commercial credit, "that most delicate and at the same time most important agent of general prosperity." He might indeed have learned from those who before him have grappled with the very problem which has absorbed his entire administration how tender and cautious a statesmanship is needed to handle this subject, so fraught with difficulty and public danger and so closely interwoven with conflicting public interests.

It was not until 1887—ninety-eight years after the Constitution went into effect—that the Congress saw fit to exercise its general power to regulate commerce among the several States. In that year the Interstate Commerce act was passed in response to a brief remark contained in President Cleveland's annual message that owing to a recent decision of the Supreme Court "the expediency of Federal action upon the subject is worthy of consideration." Section 5 of the act prohibited pools and combinations, but as that applied exclusively to carriers, President Harrison in his annual message of December, 1889, said:

Earnest attention should be given by Congress to a consideration of the question how far the restraint of those combinations of capital commonly called trusts is matter of Federal jurisdiction. When organized, as they often are, to crush out all healthy competition and to monopolize the production or sale of an article of commerce and general necessity they are dangerous conspiracies against the public good, and should be made the subject of prohibitory and even penal legislation.

This recommendation was followed in July, 1890, by the act "to protect trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies," commonly called the Sherman act, and in August, 1894, when Mr. Cleveland was again President, by the Wilson bill, which contained a few further provisions relating to trusts.

In December, 1896, the Supreme Court having declared the sugar trust not to be within the statute, President Cleveland said in his annual message:

If the insufficiencies of existing laws can be remedied by further legislation, it should be done. The facts must be recognized, however, that all Federal legislation on this subject may fall short of its purpose because of inherent obstacles and also because of the complex character of our governmental system, which, while making the Federal authority supreme within its sphere, has carefully limited that sphere by metes and bounds which cannot be transgressed. The decision of our highest court on this precise question renders it quite doubtful whether the evils of trusts and monopolies can be adequately treated through Federal action, unless they seek directly and purposely to include in their objects transportation or intercourse between States or between the United States and foreign countries. It does not follow, however, that this is the limit of the remedy that may be applied. Even though it may be found that Federal authority is not broad enough to fully reach the case, there can be no doubt of the power of the several States to act effectively in the premises, and there should be no reason to doubt their willingness to judiciously exercise such powers.

During the next three years the Supreme Court dissolved, by divided votes, the Trans-Missouri Freight Association and the Joint Traffic Association and also declared the iron pipe trust void, all under the Sherman act, while holding that act inapplicable to the cattle trust cases.

With the law in this state President McKinley sent to Congress his annual message of December, 1899, in which, after alluding to the failure of State legislation to accomplish fully the regulation of trusts owing to the divergence of views and inherent difficulties of the subject, he said:

Means may be found for the Congress within the limitations of its constitutional power so to supplement an effective code of State legislation as to make a complete system of laws throughout the United States adequate to compel a general observance of the salutary rules to which I have referred. The whole question is so important and far reaching that I am sure no part of it will be lightly considered, but every phase of it will have the studied deliberation of Congress, resulting in wise and judicious action.

The above review of the treatment accorded the subject by Congress, the Supreme Court and Presidents Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley during a period of fourteen years beginning in 1887 shows the delicacy and prudence with which statesmen and jurists alike approached the problem, as much a problem then as now. But with the death of Mr. McKinley in September, 1901, all delicacy of touch, all caution and forbearance were thrown to the winds. Mr. Roosevelt began his administration with a deliberate intention to make this theme the very banner text of his Presidential career. Did he not, even before the death of Mr. McKinley, publicly declare his conviction that modern industrial developments necessitated "a change from the old attitude of the State and nation toward property"? And from his first to his last message to Congress he has left nothing unsaid, refrained from no violence, offered to the nation no glimmering hope of seeing this difficult and complex matter dealt with by a statesman's hand. Instead of the temperate brevity with which his predecessors recommended the subject to legislative care and then left to the Congress their constitutional prerogative to act or not to act, untrammelled by Executive dictation, he has filled his messages and speeches with elaborate and denunciatory argument, designed to compel the acceptance of his ideas and the enactment into law of his individual theories. We have been treated to such a spectacle of Congressional conferences at the White House, Congresses threatened into hasty and reluctant legislation, State Governors and Attorney-Generals parading to the national capital, there to learn the new lesson of Executive domination, as the country never before witnessed. And what we are to expect if this same influence continues can perhaps best be expressed in the words of President Roosevelt arguing in his annual message of 1902 for a statute vesting control of the country's industrial business in the Federal Government:

If it prove impossible to accomplish the purposes above set forth by such a law, then assuredly we should not shrink from amending the Constitution so as to secure without peradventure the power sought.

EDWARD H. BLANC.

NEW YORK, February 8.

A Sylvan Omelet.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In answer to the question of "C. S. F." of Boston. The real omelet is to be found only in the woods, and it is made by a guide who uses ten eggs for two people, and it is cooked on the open wood fire, and he raps the sides of the pan it is cooking in until it rolls of its own accord into a round, generous, fat sided, brown real omelet of delectable juices, and there is no platter. He serves you from the frying pan.

NEW YORK, February 8. K. K.

Respectfully Submitted.

Knicker—Hitchcock has resigned to take charge of the Taft campaign.

Bocker—Will Roosevelt resign too?